

## The Evening World

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## THE HOUSEWIFE MAKES HER CHOICE

THE "farm to family" co-operative market experiment in Brooklyn has come to an end. Its sponsors profess to be satisfied with what they claim it has proved, namely, that farm products can be shipped directly from the farm to the consumer without the meddling of commission merchants and middlemen at a saving of 50 per cent. in household expenses.

Just the same the fact remains that the venture has failed, temporarily at least, because it can't support itself. Its managers admit that it can't go on unless they can get some organizer from England where they understand these things and are able to make \$600,000,000 worth of yearly co-operative business pay five per cent. interest with a twelve per cent. patronage dividend besides.

The main trouble in Brooklyn has been that folks wouldn't go to market. With only three deliveries a week from the co-operative store, a housewife had to put in her orders for two days at once instead of running to the telephone morning, noon and night, as may suit her convenience.

Convenience—there lies the trouble. All optimistic experimenters with the co-operative market idea in Brooklyn and Staten Island will find themselves sooner or later up against the same difficulty. People hereabouts will not go marketing in any numbers on the old-fashioned plan ahead, take-your-basket-and-see-the-best-price plan. Telephones and "free" delivery have utterly spoiled them for that particular kind of thrift. Our habits in these respects may be extravagant, but they have a tight grip on us and it will take a powerful lot of exhortation from any British "organizer" to pry us loose.

The American city housewife won't have economy if she must give up convenience.

Mayor Kline confided to The Evening World that "in his inner heart" he feels "the present 1 o'clock curfew law for Broadway restaurants is a trifle too stringent." Lots of other hearts beating as one with his.

## BUT NOT TO-DAY.

FIVE YEARS ago William R. Willcox, then Chairman of the Public Service Commission, issued a formal order directing the various city railway companies to remedy the needless noises caused by screeching brakes, pounding wheels and unrolled curves and switches.

Replying to that order, J. F. Calderwood, Vice-President and General Manager of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, wrote to Chairman Willcox:

I have to-day discussed the subject with the heads of departments most directly interested and have called for the issuance of necessary instructions to employees in said departments, and have arranged for such modification of our operating methods as promise a fair measure of relief.

Special inspections will be made at various locations and results brought to the attention of the superintendents of transportation and equipment and of the chief engineer. It is our intention to insist upon the proper handling of cars and trains by crews in charge and to make every reasonable effort to have the permanent way and equipment in such condition that noise will be reduced to a minimum.

Five years ago the Public Service Commission recognized that the insufferable grindings and screechings made by cars of city railway lines were unnecessary. It recognized its duty to save the public from such torture.

Five years ago the city railway companies recognized the right of the Public Service Commission to enforce the demand of the public in this matter and admitted that the noises were needless.

To-day, so far as intolerable, torturing noise is concerned, the railway companies have forgotten their admissions and their promises completely as the Public Service Commission has forgotten its duty.

New York's latest cult arising from misappropriated affections is a very, very long way indeed from what Mr. Dooley calls "the short and simple snatches of the poet."

## THE NATIONAL BIRD.

WITH strictly fresh eggs at sixty-five cents a dozen the hen seems to have turned naughty much earlier than usual this season. Perhaps it is to bring joy to the hearts of the cold storage magnates who are holding convention in Chicago and pretending to smack their lips over banquets of eggs, chickens and other things that have been dead and cooling these three years. Just when we are free to launch withering remarks at these lords of the ice box who freeze the juice and flavor out of our eats, the hen casually saunters off the job and reminds us to thank our stars even for cold storage.

To add to our confusion the Poultry, Butter and Egg Convention, also in session, reproaches us for wasting every year \$75,000,000 worth of the hard work of the American hen in the enormous number of eggs broken on the way to market. Yet, in spite of everything, the hen achieves a total annual output for which the people of this land give up \$1,000,000,000!

No wonder the egg men want to pull down the eagle from the American standard and replace him with a hen.

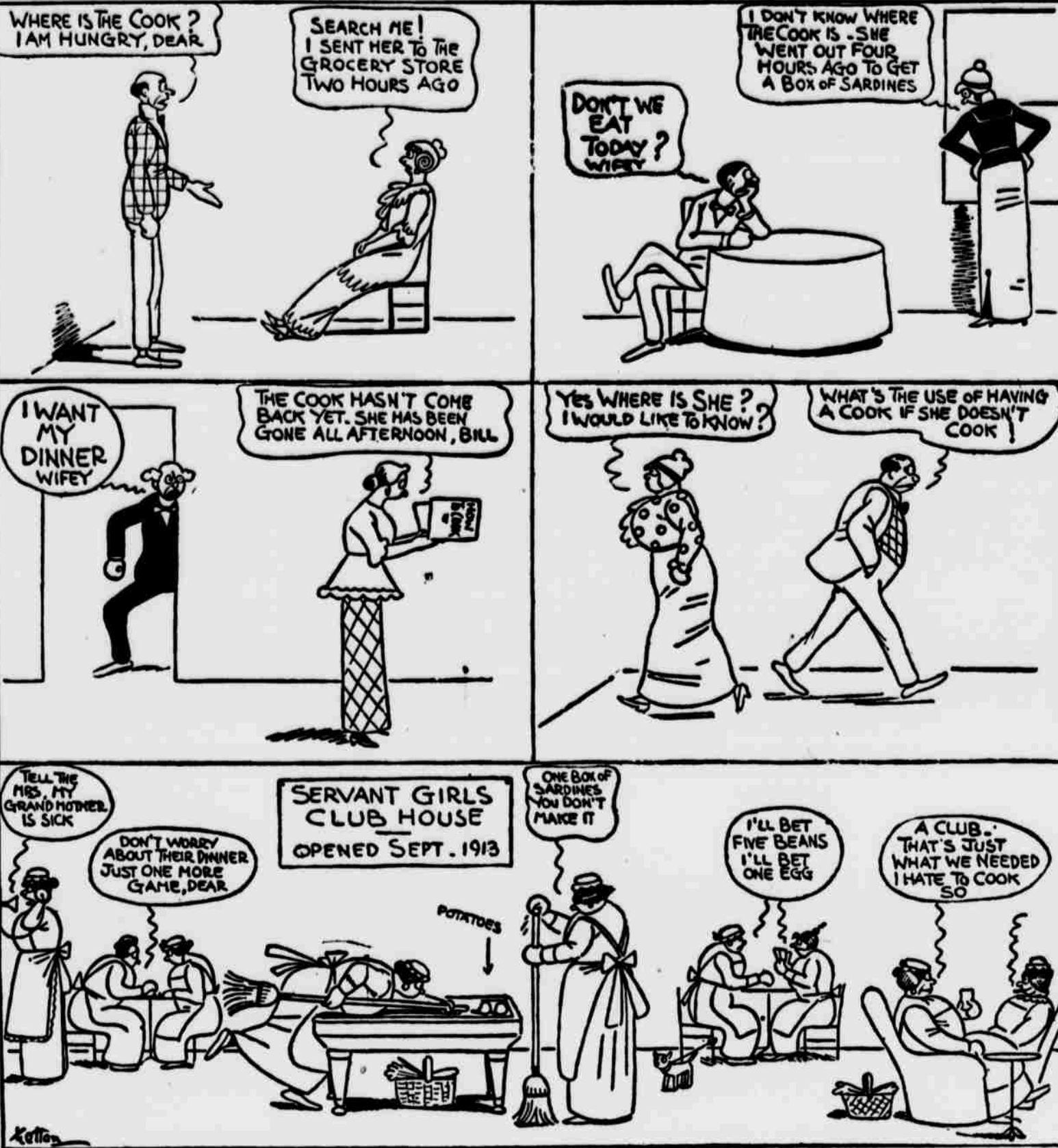
## Letters From the People

"Packed With Human Freight."  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The "L" subway and surface lines are still packed with human freight. The conductors are still improving their lungs with the familiar "Step forward. Plenty of room inside." And while this engaged the trains or cars behind are held up to undergo the same process of packing human cattle to the detriment of real rapid transit, to traffic in general, to the health and comfort of the meek Gothamites in particular. We all need lovers and upholders of that beautiful emblem of liberty (stars and stripes) are nothing but an ordinary

hard of humble speech, ever ready to submit to such and even worse treatment. More trains and cars running with required frequency, allowing no passenger to stand, would undoubtedly mean an enormous expenditure of money, but the traffic problem would be permanently solved. There is no other solution. FRANK L. W.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I read in this column the following riddle: "What is that which never was, never is, but will be, when it is it is not. What is it?" The answer is "To-morrow." H. B. STEWART, Oceanside, N. Y.

## Where Is the Cook? By Maurice Ketten



## A New Angle on the "Eternal Triangle"

How Three People Settled the World Old Problem of "Husband, Wife and Other Man."

THE time-worn "Eternal Triangle" receives somewhat unique treatment at the hands of Allan Monkhouse in his newest book, "Dying Fires" (George H. Doran Company).

Richard Peel and Letty, his wife, have been married for years. Their only child is long dead. Childless and old, they are a pair of circumstances have combined to smother the first bright flame of their love. Then, ever closer and closer into Letty's life has come James Morice, her husband's friend. Richard returns home unexpectedly one evening to find that Morice has called during his absence. The author gives the following unusual turn to an old and not always savory scene:

RICHARD crossed the hall slowly and entered the drawing-room, where his wife and Morice stood together. Morice looked at his watch. Deliberately he said to Letty: "We've been talking for two hours." Richard was interested now. He had interrupted, or rather he had terminated, their explanation. For two hours they had talked together with a frankness rare between man and woman. They had looked into one another's eyes with yearning, but not quite as lovers look. He had seen that love was possible and had decided upon devotion. It seemed a tame conclusion, impossible perhaps to those of young blood, but the steps to it were not taken tamely. Morice, in set terms, with a voice whose vibrations thrilled her, had offered again the service of his complete devotion, and then, strangely and bravely, had proceeded to recapitulate circumstances that might have the color of reservations. He told her of his mother, of his own moral or puritanical prepossessions, and especially of the claims of his work, the abandonment of which at this juncture would be a desertion. "And not a word of love," she said. It was not provocative; it was truly amazing. "You don't love me. I see that. I know that. How could you? And yet—you're hard to understand. So romantic, so romantic. And yet you're hard common sense. No. You do all this for a woman you don't care for."

"Don't care for?" "Do you love me, then?" "It's only that I haven't dared." She might yield. How easily she

could yield if he touched her! If he did not love, yet they could travel fast on the path of love together. The danger—her instinct made it a danger—braced her, and then she feared to break his reserve and so near that ideal of him. "And then she spoke of Richard, and suddenly, to his amazement and her own, she said: "I can't leave him. I think I could never leave him. It's all foolishness." Prepared for strange turns, but not for this, he stared at her, and she laughed a little and shamefacedly. "I've only felt it—felt it strangely—ly-to-night. Perhaps because I was so near it. I don't think I could leave him. I can't break away from things. I'm not like that. It has meant so much. And then he—think of him too. You've never understood him. I'm afraid of a terrible mistake. I nearly forgot about him just now. He's anxious, he's working now from morning till night and he's hard pressed. I ought to understand about it and help him; he does, tell me things sometimes. And even yet I can see him so good and fine. Don't you see it? He's got a blind side. We've both had our blind sides to one another and nothing can help us. But don't you see it? If I left him it would hurt him terribly. I know it would. There's not the least hope for us, ever. I suppose it's cowardice." "And then Richard was with them. "I think I should tell you something," said Morice. "I know it already," he said. "He calm surprised and deceived them. Morice paused, and then Richard began to speak: "If you can leave everything, I must respect you. It's a big thing to do. And Letty—it's all part of my humiliation, I suppose—she'll be rid of me at last. I've felt angry and murderous about it—absurdly, of course—but not now. I've no claims. I'm the one that's to blame. I mean that. God knows how it all came about. It might

## Good Shoes at 7 Cents a Pair; Chickens at 18 Cents a Dozen

A COUNTRYMAN living just beyond the outskirts of London drove to the metropolis one day to order a few provisions, etc. (By the way, this account is perfectly true. It is not a problem of a joke. The prices stated can be verified.) The countryman first went to the nearest cobblers'. There he bought a good pair of shoes. Not shoddy footwear, carefully turned out or even machine made, but hand-sewed and of fine strong leather. For this pair of shoes he paid just seven cents. Next he drove to a butcher stall in Smithfield. There he bought a sheep, a dozen chickens and ten pounds of beef. For the sheep he paid 10 cents. For the chickens he paid 14 cents apiece, or 18 cents for the dozen. Then he went to a fish stall. There he bought a fish, the farmer next stopped at a fish stall, where for 10 cents he bought twenty-five big codfish. His visit to the grain merchant cost him more. For he was forced to pay 15 cents for a bushel of rye—a sum out of all proportion to his earlier purchases. It was cheaper, you see, to buy meat than the rye bread to eat with it. For enough homegrown cloth to provide him with a winter suit, stoned for the high price of the grain. For he found that stout homespun cloth was selling at 12 cents an ell, or \$4.50 a yard. The farmer had no trouble in carrying his wares home in his wagon. For the wagon was large. He had driven it to London full of firewood, and this wagonload of wood he had sold for 12 cents. The foregoing prices are all accurate. The high cost of living had not yet hit England. For, you see, all this happened several years ago. In fact, it was at the beginning of the sixteenth century. During the next hundred years prices boomed 400 per cent., and wages didn't. And things have happened more or less that way ever since.

## HOW I GOT MY FIRST RAISE

The Evening World will pay a cash prize of \$25 for the best account of "How I Got My First Raise." The story must be true in every detail and subject to confirmation. It must give the writer's actual experience in obtaining his first increase of salary. For what service or series of services was the raise awarded? What circumstances caused it? Tell the story briefly, simply, naturally, without exaggerations or attempts at fine writing. Confine your narrative to 350 words or less—preferably less. Write on only one side of the paper. Address "First Raise Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 1334, New York City."

## Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

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MAN'S heart is like the New York weather—always a little unsettled. Two people who marry each other are usually "on the same wire" until the affinity cuts in—and the wires get crossed in the "tumultuous void."

Pshaw! Every man has a different "ideal," and just as you think you are perfectly fascinating and angelic, according to one man's notion, along comes another and wants to "reform" you.

Why does a man always want to keep several flirtations on hand at a time—to mix all the colors on life's palette until it is nothing but a smudge and all the notes in love's sweet song until it is nothing but a rag-time medley?

Isn't it funny? No matter how much a man is pining to call on a girl, the moment he makes an engagement with her the pleasure of seeing her suddenly becomes a duty.

A coquette is just a "stock actress," ready and waiting to play any role from Circe to Little Eva, according to the requirements of her next "engagement."

Every man regards himself as his "brother's keeper," and one of them merely has to do something awful, and then put up a distress signal, to have every other man in sight or hearing rushing to the rescue.

Certainly, women ought to have the privilege of proposing, but the average man would forgive a woman sooner for asking him to steal for her or die for her than for asking him to marry her.

When a modern man loses his head it isn't so often over a siren or a vampire as over a KITTEN.

## Domestic Dialogues By Alma Woodward

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Moving Day! Mrs. B. (sitting at 6 A. M.): (Mr. B. awakes to see to the vigorous revivification of a 98-cent alarm clock. Mr. B., as usual, unconscious, continues his live imitation of a busy day.)

MR. B. (choking him cruelly): Henry, Henry, look how late it is! Get up! It's long past time to get up!

MR. B. (viciously)—Lemme alone! Mrs. B. (generously)—Well, I'll let you alone for about five minutes longer. Henry, because I know what a sacrifice it is for you to get up early. But of course it only makes it harder for me. Because I'll have to do all the work. Mr. B. (squealing through one eye): Wh—what work?

MR. B. (eagerly)—Why, the preparation for moving of course. Have you forgotten that we're going to move to-day? After you made all the arrangements with the company too. Didn't you go to the Bull Storage Warehouse because Mr. Bull was a member of your club and you thought he'd do it better than any one else? Why, YOU know all about it. All I know is that we're going to move. (Pause.) Are you listening to me, Henry?

(No answer.) Mrs. B. (grabbing hold of his foot through the covers)—Lissen, Henry! Those men usually get to places awfully early, specially when it's their busy season. Most likely, they'll be here at 6 o'clock and how'll they find you? Walking around in your nightgown! That'll be a nice picture, won't it? Go on, now, Henry, get up.

(The emphatic command by well aimed swells the air.) Mrs. B. (glaring through half-closed eyes)—Now, you go 'way and leave me alone! Mr. B. (almost in tears)—Aren't you Mrs. B. (almost in tears)—Aren't you

awful, Henry? When you know I'm all worked up about moving, anyway! I should think the least you could do would be to get up when I ask you to. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if they'd be ringing the bell in fifteen minutes or so. Mr. B. (dreamily)—I should harness myself! Mrs. B. (indignantly)—Well, all I can say is that you're a selfish, inconsiderate man, and goodness knows where you'd get another woman to put up with you! (In a sudden burst of vengeance.) Maybe you don't know that I'm looked upon almost as a martyr by my friends!

(Pause.) Mrs. B. (sitting up in bed and looking at the clock)—A few minutes more, and the breakfast table will be set. The coffee will be made. The milk will be brought. The butter will be taken out. (Pause.) Mrs. B. (mildly from the bedroom)—Carrie! Carrie! What're you doing up so early?

(Mrs. B. storms the bedroom like a cyclone, eyes snapping and breath coming short and sharp.) Mrs. B. (swiftly)—Don't you try to soap me after the way you've acted this morning! Mr. B. (in blank amazement)—But why are you getting breakfast so early?

MR. B. (almost screaming)—Because the men are coming! The moving men are coming! What's the matter with you this morning? Can't you understand English? Mr. B. (mild and gentle as a sapphire)—But they aren't coming until 3 this afternoon. I thought I told you that they had two jobs to do to-day. Each crew has to do two a day. The new crew of the year. Didn't I tell you that, Carrie?

MR. B. (collapsing)—Tell me? You KNOW you didn't tell me, you—you brute! Boo-hoo!

## The Day's Good Stories

In the new chair and smiling gently at the "new woman" sitting opposite; "I don't know say him, unless it is on me for being dressed last fall."

"Well, hardly," replied the newspaper woman, with an equally genial smile. "In that case I think the job is on your constituents." Washington Star.

How She Did It. A married couple were walking down one of the main thoroughfares of a city, and the husband, who was a very successful man, was talking to his wife about the attention which other women obtained from men, and remarked to his better half: "Form never look at you. I wish I had married some one better looking."

"You think a man will stare at me when you're walking with me? You stop behind me and see whether men don't look at me." The husband hung about a dozen yards, and for the length of the street was compelled to see every man his wife passed stare hard at her and even turn around and look after her. "Now, isn't it?" he exclaimed, as he returned. "I was wrong and take it back. I'll never say anything about your looks again."

The wife had made a trip at every man she met.

Hits From Sharp Wits That Michigan man who underwent twenty-four operations in ten years must have been to the surgeons what Harry Shaw has been to the lawyers.

The Prince of Monaco tells the exact truth when he says that he doesn't gamble. He has the sure-thing end of the game.—Albany Journal.

A lot of Argentine beef is reaching New York, but how much of it is reaching the consumer?

Postmaster-General Burleson having decided to stop sending the magazine by freight, the Christmas numbers ought to be on the news stands in a week or two.

Excellent opportunity for the fellow who hasn't taken his vacation yet to visit Mexico, as all you have to do is to